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ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

BY ETHEL.

The winds upon the wave are sleeping,
And softly murmur the sea;
The stars in heaven's blue canopy
With the bright moon, their watch are keeping,
And by that light so calmly dipping
Beneath the bridge, between the piers,
I see the glittering spars, and spears
Of sails, close-reefed upon the shipping.
And from the darkness of the city,
As from a weary heart, doth come
The wail of a regretful hum,
That wakes an answering sigh of pity.
For cold with care, a child of sorrow
Kneels down to meet the cruel wave;
Alack! it were a peaceful grave,
It were a lovable to-morrow!
Anon a hand is raised above her,
And in sad melody, a prayer
Goes upward—up the altar stair,
For maiden frail and faithless lover.
The lights beside the water shiver,
The sails close-reefed shake on the mast,
As slowly, slowly goeth past
A sweet white face adown the river.
In tangle mass the hair is streaming,
That lately curled in pride of love,
The slightest eyes are fixed above,
Wide open, blind to moonlight beaming.
And cast adrift and unforgiven,
Ye say that soul will be at last,
That love is lost, that heaven will blast;
Ah! nought know ye of love or heaven.

"SHIP AH-OY!"

A Story of Land and Sea.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW MAY HALLEY KNEW SHE HAD A HEART.

POOR Mrs. Gurnett! her heart was as fresh, and fair, and sound as it had been twenty years before. She rose from her knees at the end of five minutes, went upstairs and bathed her face, put on her bonnet and shawl, and set off for Canonbury where she was received with great dignity by the drab footman, who condescended to let the plump old lady wait in the hall while he finished arranging some part of his work in the dining-room, after which he sent word up by the lady's-maid, that "a person" wanted to see Miss May; and was horribly scandalized at the maid fetching the stout, common woman up to Miss May's bedroom.

Such a nest! It was more like a boudoir than a bed-room, with its light paper of white and gold, floral chintz hangings, and water-color paintings, the work of her own hand. There was a bird too in the window, that rippled forth the sweetest trills of song, as it held its head from side to side, ruffled the feathers of its throat, and sang at its mistress. It was into this room that Mrs. Gurnett was shown, to stand just inside the door, and drop a formal courtesy to the tall, handsome girl who advanced to meet her.

"Oh, nurse, dear, I'm so glad you're come!" said May, taking her hands, and kissing her on both cheeks. "What a time it is since I've seen you! Why have you not been to see me?"

"Because, my dear," said Mrs. Gurnett, rather stiffly, "it was a little, tiny girl I used to know, and not a young lady."

"But," said May softly, as she drew the old lady, very prim and demure now, to a sofa, where she sat down by her side, and held one hand—"but, nurse, do you know that sometimes, though I know that I am grown into a woman, and that people—here she glanced at the tall cheval glass opposite to her—"that people say all sorts of nonsense about me—"

"They say, I suppose," said Mrs. Gurnett,

who had seen the glance, "that you are very handsome?"

"Oh! all sorts of nonsense," said May, blushing; "but I don't take any notice of it; for what does it matter? After all, I sometimes feel just as I did years and years ago, nurse, when you used to lay my head upon my little pillow, and kiss me, and say 'Good night—'"

"God bless you!" interpolated Mrs. Gurnett, softly.

"Yes, to be sure," said May, smiling. "And oh, nurse, it seems such a little while ago; and sometimes, as I lie down to sleep, I get thinking of all the old times, and almost wish that—that I was as young as I was when you were with me."

"Ah, my dear," said Mrs. Gurnett, "it's growing old enough you are to find out that there are greater troubles in life than a broken doll or a dirty pinafore."

And then, in spite of all her efforts, the poor old lady broke down, took out her handkerchief, and began to sob bitterly.

"Why, nurse, nurse, what is it?" said May, anxiously, as she drew nearer to the weeping woman. "Are you in trouble?"

"Oh, yes, yes, my dear," she said, at last, after choking again and again in the effort to speak.

"But I sent for you to get you to try and comfort me," said May, softly. "What is the matter?"

"Oh my dear!" sobbed Mrs. Gurnett, "I'm finding out that after fighting for life years and years, and thinking I was strong, and steady, and sensible, I'm only a silly, weak old woman, with a heart as soft as that of a girl of eighteen."

May blushed, looked at her wonderingly, and more wonderingly as, thoroughly wound up to give vent to her feelings, and womanlike, glad to have a sympathetic woman's breast into which she could empty the urn of her affliction, Mrs. Gurnett told all her trouble from beginning to end, stopping now and then to upbraid herself as "a silly old woman, who ought to know better;" but, made selfish in the extreme by her distress, forgetting all but her own affairs as she proceeded with her tale.

May flushed scarlet as Anderson's name was mentioned. Then she turned deadly pale as the narrative went on. Then she flushed again; but only for the blush to give place to a greater pallor, as step by step Mrs. Gurnett told of the dread—of the bad name owned by the firm of Rutherby, and her horror that Basalt should sail in one of their vessels.

"And I've told him he might go," sobbed the poor woman; "and I've sent him to his death; for sail he will in the floating coffin, and I shall never see him any more."

She sat sobbing for a time, and then went on, heedless of May Halley's plainly displayed emotion—

"And him so faithful and true to Captain Anderson—as brave, and true, and handsome a man as ever stepped; and, oh, Miss May—"

Mrs. Gurnett stopped short, for it had just flashed across her mind that in her utter selfishness she had absolutely forgotten that which she knew concerning the young captain and his employer's daughter.

She sat up, handkerchief in hand, gazing at May, who was as white as marble, but who did not flinch from the old lady's look, only returned her gaze with one that was stony and dull.

"They are going to sail in the *Victrix*," said M. A. Gurnett.

There was no reply.

"They are going to sail directly, and I can't believe that they will ever return."

Still May made no response; and Mrs. Gurnett, wiping her eyes, said, apologetically—

"My dear, you sent for me because you were in trouble, and I've been telling you all of mine. It was very thoughtless of me;

but I seldom see any one to whom I care to talk, and when you seemed so gentle with me I was obliged to speak."

"I am very, very glad to see you, nurse, and to talk with you," said May, in a strange, cold voice.

"But, my dear, you wanted to tell me all your troubles."

"Did I, nurse? Oh, it was nothing! I was a little upset. I had nothing much to say. It was a mere trifle, and I did not know you were so worried, or I would not have sent."

"But, my dear, it was very silly and childish of me, and I'm sure that you will laugh at me when I am gone."

"Oh, no, no, nurse; don't think that," said May, lapsing for an instant from her cold, stern demeanor. No woman could despise another for displaying that which is waiting to bud in her own breast.

"But what was the matter, my dear? Was it anything I could talk to you about? I should have been here sooner, but for my own trouble."

"It was nothing, nurse—nothing at all—only I—"

She made a brave effort to curb down the feelings that were struggling for exit, but they proved too strong for her. They burst forth like a flood, as she exclaimed—

"Oh, nurse, nurse! I've sent him away like that, and—indeed—indeed, I did not know!"

People as a rule used to respect Mr. Halley, the shipowner, of Quarterdeckcourt—Halley, Edwards, and Company was the name of the firm; but Edwards had been dead twenty years, and the Company had been bought out one by one by Mr. Halley, till he was the sole owner of the line of ships trading to the East, and managed his business per Mr. Tudge, of whom anon. People used to say that Mr. Halley would cut up well when he died; and City men would make calculations as to his worth, of course alluding to the ruddy glow of his gold.

He was a quaint, old-fashioned looking man, who always persisted in ignoring customs of the present day.

"Fashion!" he would say; "what has fashion to do with me? Fashion ought to be what I choose to wear."

The consequence was that he wore the garments that had been in vogue forty years before—to wit, a blue coat, with a stiff velvet collar and treble gilt buttons, nankeen trousers, and a buff waistcoat. He did not powder his hair, for he could not have made it more white if he had; but he did wear it gathered together, and tied behind with a piece of black ribbon, which used to bob about the collar of his coat, to the great amusement of the street boys who saw him pass.

Of course, he had a right to dress as he pleased; but it was a source of great unpleasantness to his footman, who looked upon the left-off garments with ineffable contempt.

Mr. Halley had just finished his breakfast, laid down his paper, and was playing with his gold eyeglasses, while May, who sat behind the urn, looked pale and distraught.

Mr. Halley coughed—a short, forced cough—and looked disturbed. May started.

This was the opening for which Mr. Halley had been waiting. He was fond of authority and ruling, but he was fonder of his child; and of late a feeling had been creeping on him that he was not satisfied with the course that domestic matters had taken.

"What's the matter, my dear?" he said.

"Nothing, papa."

"Yes—ahem—yes, there is, my dear. I have noticed—er—noticed lately—"

Here Mr. Halley's voice grew husky, and he had to cough two or three times to clear it, while May's face became scarlet.

"There—er—er—is something the matter, and I have noticed lately that you have been very strange and—er—er—not what you should be. Merritt came to me yesterday."

He paused, as if expecting May to speak; but she sat perfectly silent.

"I said Merritt came to me yesterday, my dear; and he wanted to know if he had given any offence." May still silent.

"I told him no—nothing of the kind. He said he was afraid somebody had been trying to poison your ears against him, and he hoped that you did not take any notice of the absurd reports spread about the shipping house to which he belongs."

"Do you think, papa, that those reports are absurd?" said May, so suddenly that the old man started.

"Absurd? Of course, my dear; unless you think that the gentleman to whom you are engaged is about as black a scoundrel and murderer as ever stepped May. I'm angry with you; I am, indeed. I can't think what has come over you of late. It is really too bad—it is, indeed. I've been wanting to talk to you about it; and really, you know, the way in which you treated his partner, Mr. Longdale, last night, was quite insulting."

"Papa!" cried May, passionately. "I can't make friends with a slimy snake."

"Now, my dear child," cried the old man, petulantly, "this is absurd; it's—it's so like your poor mother—bursting out in the most unreasonable way against a man whom you do not fancy."

"Fancy? Oh, papa!" cried May, "did you ever shake hands with him?"

"Why, of course, my dear. Shake hands, indeed!"

"It was dreadful; so cold and dank, and—and—fishy," said May.

"Now, my darling child, I must beg of you not to be absurd. Longdale is a man of position, and Merritt's partner. Longdale and Merritt are really the men, for poor old Rutherby is quite a nonentity. And here, last night, you treated Longdale as if he were—were—were—"

"A nasty, cold, twining, slimy snake," said May, impetuously. "Ugh!"

"Tut, tut, tut!" ejaculated the old man, peevishly; "really, May!"

"Do you think, papa, there is any truth in what has been said about Rutherby's ships?"

"Why—why—why—what do you know about Rutherby's ships, child?" cried the old man, uneasily.

"I've heard the reports, papa, about their unseaworthy state," said May, excitedly; "and it seems to me so dreadful, so horrible that it makes me shudder."

"It's all a cruel, atrocious lie. I'm sure of it, my dear," said the old man, dabbing his forehead as he spoke. "If I—I—I for a moment thought that they could be such—There, it's nonsense—absurd! Men couldn't do it."

"But people say they do, papa," said May.

"People say any cruel thing of others who are more prosperous than themselves. Why they even say that—that I—but there, I am not prosperous, my dear, only comfortably off. But there, don't you take any notice of what people say."

"But it sounds so horrible, papa."

"What, that they send men to sea in rotten ships! Yes, of course it sounds horrible; but it is not true—it can't be true. Why, my dear, I should have been a very, very rich man now if it had not been for the expense I've been put to in keeping my ships in good condition; and as to what they say of Rutherby's—pooh!"

The door opened, and the footman then appeared.

"Lady wants to see you, sir, on business," said the man.

"Who is it? What business? Why doesn't she go to the offices?"

whose ship he has gone? No? I'll tell you. In his rival's."

"You are speaking without reason, Mrs. Anderson. Your son had no rival, for he was not acknowledged."

"The old lady, 'he was not acknowledged,' my son was not."

"He was but a poor merchant captain, and no mate for his owner's daughter. Oh, that a few pounds of gold should make so wide a gap between people—he could not see it, poor boy! You are to marry, I suppose, that man below—the man who has murdered my son?"

"Mrs. Anderson!"

"Well, girl, what do you call it, if not murder? He owns a ship, and engages men to sail it to some far distant land. What ought he to do? Ought he not to make that vessel safe?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed May. "Papa."

"Your father is an obstinate, proud man, May Halley; but he is honest and true, and always did his duty by his men."

"I am sure he did," said May with animation.

"Yes, my son has told me so a score of times. But this firm—these Ruthbys—what do they do? I'll tell you, girl—but come and sit down here by this window, for I am an old woman, and weak."

May hesitated for a moment, then suffered herself to be led to a chair, as if she were the visitor, and the old lady mistress of the place.

"There," said the latter, on seeing the hesitation, "you need not be afraid, child, hard words break no bones; and I have a right to speak to you—the right of age, the right of an old woman to a motherless girl."

May glanced up at her quickly, for the old lady's face had wonderfully softened, and she leaned forward to softly stroke the girl's peachy cheek.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Leaden Heart.

BY F. O. B.

DURING the reign of Charles X., an English gentleman, who was expecting the arrival of his family, hired for their reception part of a large old house situated in one of the *faubourgs* of Paris.

Until his family should arrive, the Englishman was solely attended by an elderly woman, who returned to her own home every evening, so that he remained the only nocturnal occupant of these ancient apartments.

It was a recreation to him to wander over them, and to form plans for their comfortable occupancy by his wife and children. Pleasant were his thoughts on these occasions, for he fondly anticipated the approving smile of the former, and the joyous looks and exclamation of the latter, when all the curiosities of the place should be unfolded to them.

One evening, in the gloomy month of November, he had been examining a large darkish closet in one of the rooms, and was in the act of removing some pieces of old matting that were on the lowest shelf, when something heavy fell down; but we will continue the narrative in his own words.

"A leaden heart, roughly modelled, about a span in height, and the same in width at the upper part, the point resting upon a small pedestal like that of a bust,—such was the strange thing I had found in clearing out an old closet in my apartments. On closer inspection it appeared to have been soldered at the sides, and the weight was not in proportion to the bulk, had it been solid."

I did not feel justified in penetrating into what might be a sacred deposit, but could not help piercing, with my mind's eye, through the dark and ductile metal."

So I cut some light wood on the dying embers, drew my arm-chair closer to the antique fire-place, wrapped my dressing-gown around my knees, and having placed that leaden heart on the mantel-piece before me, I began to ruminate concerning the singular object, which the flickering light shed over the room by the crackling wood fire enabled me dimly to perceive."

As before stated, this mysterious urn was very roughly fashioned; and I imagined that it had been made in some far distant land, to contain and preserve a heart which had once been the seat of love, friendship, patriotism! And who had preserved that heart? For whom had it been thus enshrined? Happily it had palpitated in the breast of a tender and faithful lover, who, far away from the object of his affection, had become a victim to disease, or had fallen in battle; with his dying breath he had bequeathed it to her on whom his soul rested; the band of friendship had fulfilled his last wishes, had embalmed his heart, brought it to its destination, found her for whom it was intended passed away, or faithless,—and had left it in a corner, cold, valueless, and neglected!"

Perhaps, two beings, strongly, tenderly attached had been torn asunder by the iron grasp of death."

The sad lot of one had been to see his cherished companion slowly wasting away; he had watched each movement, each change;—now buoyed up by cheering hope, anon struck down by despair! In the midnight hour, when a light slumber had, for a moment, rendered the patient sufferer unconscious of pain, had prostrated himself beside her couch, in humble orison for her recovery and preservation: had implored that on his head alone calamity might fall—if fall it must,—and whilst admitting it to be a duty to yield without repining to the decree of Providence, fearing also that if this gentle, suffering creature were to be

snatched from him, resignation would be beyond his strength."

"Nay, nay," said I internally, "his cannot be the true history!"

The next morning I sought the lady of whom I had hired the apartments; but she had left town for a few weeks."

I was not sorry to have a little time for it was a delicate matter to speak upon. Frequently during the interval did I contemplate and examine the leaden casket, and fancied that an aromatic odor proceeded from it."

This gave additional intensity to my speculations, and convinced me that the emblematic shrine contained some sacred relic."

At length the old gentlewoman returned. She was a rare and curious specimen of a class of society now almost extinct in France."

Her person was tall and lean, her face much seamed with the small-pox and between her high cheek-bones and very low forehead twinkled two small black, squinting eyes."

She wore a plain and very high white muslin cap, not particularly clean; and, generally, a rusty black silk gown with short sleeves, adorned with ruffles hanging over her skinny elbows; on her hands were black mittens, and her usual employment was knitting, as she sat buried in her easy-chair covered with crimson damask. An old silver snuff-box of large dimensions stood on a work-table beside her; the constant use of rappee had reddened her sharp nose, darkened her upper-lip, and imparted to the forefinger and thumb of her right hand a rich brown dye."

I hastened to pay my respects to her. After the usual salutation the following dialogue took place:—

"Madam I have something of a very serious nature to mention to you."

The ancient dame made a slight inclination of the head.

"I have discovered in my apartments—"

"What have you to say about the apartments, sir?"

"Nothing, my dear madam; but a circumstance has occurred which—"

"Sir you have engaged the apartments for six months?"

"Of that I am well aware, madam, and am willing to fulfil my engagement; but having found a very curious and mysterious thing in one of the closets, I think it my duty to speak to you on the subject—here it is!"

Upon this I slowly unfolded a black silk handkerchief in which I had wrapped the treasure, and presented it to the old lady.

"Oh!" she shrieked, "It is the heart of his wife."

She soon became calm, and then informed me that a French gentleman had formerly occupied my apartments; that some years ago, his wife died; that, being passionately fond of her, he had caused her heart to be embalmed, and placed in this leaden shrine; and yet, when after a certain lapse of time he quitted the house, this same heart—this quintessence of his adored defunct spouse—had been left in the corner of an old closet, nor had it been missed since! The only surprise expressed by the old lady was that it had not been deposited in a loft with the other lumber."

Leaving the leaden heart with the ancient dowager, I returned to my own room, with the black silk handkerchief in my hand, and yielded for a few minutes to bitter reflections on the inconstancy of poor human nature."

Moreover, a feeling approaching to that of shame came over me at the remembrance of my own sentimental mood. At length, however, I reasoned myself down into an indulgent train of thought, which induced me to make allowance for Monsieur, who had thus neglected his wife's heart. No doubt he had cherished it whilst its owner lived; and though he had lost sight thereof for a season, after it had ceased to beat, this was infinitely more excusable than if—as an unhappily too often the case in the world—he had slighted or agitated that heart whilst it was capable of appreciating and responding to affection."

MORE WEATHER WISDOM.—One of this State's prominent attorneys, who is at the same time one of its leading fishermen, claims that the weather invariably repeats itself, and gives the following as the result of his observations, viz: All years ending in 9, 0 or 1 are extremely dry. Those ending in 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 are extremely wet. Those ending in 7 and 8 are ordinarily well balanced. Those ending in 6 have an extremely cold winter. Those ending in 1 have an early spring. Those ending in 3 and 4 are subject to great floods."

ECCENTRIC AFFECTION.—Here are a few examples of the eccentric affections of well-known men: Alexander the Great loved his horse, Bucephalus; Numa Pompilius, a hind; Sertorius, the same; Augustus; a parrot; Caligula, a horse, whom he made consul; Virgil, a butterfly; Nero, a stalling; Commodus, a monkey; Heliogabalus, a sparrow, like Leebia; Honorius, a hen; Cardinal Richelieu, some little Angora cats; Cædilion, dogs; Lamartine, greyhounds; Alexander Dumas, Senior, a vulture; Alphonse Karr, a Newfoundland dog; Lord Byron, a bear; King Theodoros, four lions."

THERE is a man who cannot get prompt service to his bell at his hotel. The other night he gave the bell a violent ring at midnight. Shortly after the servant answered it. "I don't want anything now," said the fellow. "I ring it now in order to get it on fire. Bring me hot water at eight in the morning."

Bric-a-Brac.

WHY HE LEARNED THEM.—Cardinal Mezzofanti, the wonderful Italian linguist, who knew sixty-four and talked forty-eight languages, turned his attention to language because, when a young priest, he found a foreign sailor dying, who wanted to confess but could find no priest who could understand him."

PIPE-LAYING.—The word pipe-laying as used in political phraseology, had its origin in New York at the time of the construction of the Croton water works. Some members of the whig party were charged with having made arrangements to bring a large number of men from Philadelphia, ostensibly to lay pipes for the water, but really to vote at an approaching election."

BUNYAN'S FLUTE.—To pass away the gloomy hours in prison Bunyan took a rail out of the stool belonging to his cell, and with his knife fashioned it into a flute. The keeper, hearing music, followed the sound to Bunyan's cell; but while he was unhooking the door the ingenious prisoner placed the rail in the stool, so that the searchers were unable to solve the mystery; nor, during the remainder of Bunyan's residence in the goal, did they ever discover how the music had been produced."

METHODS OF WRITING.—It must not be forgotten that a close connection exists, even in our days, between the great religious domains and the method of writing. Buddhism, with all the Oriental religions of Asia which have preceded or followed it, writes from the top down; Islamism, the continuation of Shemitism, writes from right to left; and Christianity, the emigrant product of Shemitism, which has left its father to settle among the Aryans, is scattering writing from left to right over nearly the whole world. Each of the three great religious groups has, then, a direction of writing peculiar to it."

ALLIGATORS' NESTS.—These nests resemble haycocks. They are four feet high, and five in diameter at their bases, being constructed of grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on the floor of mortar, and having covered this with a stratum of mud herbage eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from one to two hundred eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the nest the dense grass and reeds, five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them, and providing for their subsistence."

MURDER IN GERMANY.—A curious provision of the criminal code in Germany, for which there is no analogy in English jurisprudence, makes deliberate homicide, where it is perpetrated at the request of the victim, a lesser grade of crime than murder, and places it within the discretion of the courts to impose as low a sentence as three years' imprisonment for the offence. Under this law a miller's apprentice, of Berlin, has just been sentenced for cutting his wife's throat. He was out of work and money, and he and his wife formed the resolution to commit suicide together by taking poison. His wife, however, drained the cup that contained the mixture alone, leaving none for him, and after a while begged him to kill her at once, to put an end to the suffering that ensued. He complied with her request by making several gashes in her throat. This state of facts was deemed sufficient to warrant a sentence of only four years' imprisonment."

UNWRITTEN LAWS.—Lycurgus left none of his laws in writing. It was ordered that none should be written, for he held that principle interwoven with the manners and breeding of a people who were most conducive to the happiness of a city, and hence he resolved the whole legislature into the bringing up of youth. He set his face especially against luxury, and excluded unprofitable arts from the career of the young men, and they were enjoined to work only at what was useful and necessary. To further the conquest of luxury and exterminate the love of riches, he enjoined the use of public tables, where all were to eat in common of the same meat, and such kinds as were ordered by law. It was forbidden to eat at home, or call on the assistance of butchers and cooks, or to "fatten like voracious animals" in public. Children were introduced at these public tables as to schools of sobriety. There they heard discourses concerning government and were instructed in the most liberal breeding."

BISMARCK'S SEGAR.—Prince Bismarck once told a group of visitors the following story: "The value of a good segar," said he, "is best understood when it is the last you possess, and there is no chance of getting another. At Konigsgratz I had only one segar left in my pocket, which I carefully guarded during the whole of the battle, as a miser does his treasure. I did not feel justified in using it. I painted in glowing colors, in my mind, the happy hour in which I should enjoy it after victory. But I had miscalculated my changes." "And what," asked one of the company, "was the cause of your miscalculation?" "A poor dragon," replied Bismarck, "who lay helpless with both arms crushed, murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pocket and found I had only gold, and that would be of no use to him. But stay—I had still my treasured segar! I lighted this for him, and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile! I never enjoyed a segar so much as that one which I did not smoke."

Scientific and Useful.

GLUE.—If you wish to produce a glue that will resist water, boil one pound of glue in two quarts of skimmed milk."

NEW GLASS.—A Vienna chemist has made a new glass, containing no silica or other ingredient of ordinary glass. Its most important property is that it may be used to glaze iron and other metals."

IRON STQTH AND BLACK INK.—White goods, hot oxalic acid, dilute muriatic acid with little fragments of tin. On fast dyed cottons and woollens, citric acid is cautiously and repeatedly applied. Silks, impossible to remove."

BELTS.—An experienced mechanic writes: "I have tried chalk, soap, terebinth and resin, to prevent slipping of belts, but like coiling the belt on the inside just before I stop on a Saturday. It preserves belts and boots anything I have tried yet."

OPERA-GLASS AND CAMERA.—An optician of this city, it is said, has just made an opera-glass which can be converted at a moment's notice into a photographic camera. It is suggested that such an instrument might be found useful in obtaining instantaneous pictures of criminals without their knowledge."

INSECTS.—The number of varieties of insects is vastly greater than that of all other living creatures. The oak supports 430 species of insects, and 200 are found in the pine. Humboldt, in 1849, calculated that between 150,000 and 170,000 species were preserved in collections, but recent estimates place the present number at about 750,000 species."

GRINDSTONE.—A grindstone should be secured to the shaft by nuts and washers, and the washers fixed on that they cannot turn with the nuts as they are screwed up or unscrewed. In hanging the stone, great care should be taken to hang it true sideways, not only for convenience in using, but because a stone that is not true sideways can never be kept true edgewise."

TO CLEAN BRASS.—Salvers and flower vases in daily use look better than new by always following the proper recipe: Strew the salver over with sand, and squeeze some of the juice of half a lemon over it, sufficient to wet it, then rub round and round as hard as you can and for some time; carefully do the edge in the same way, and remember to be equally careful about the back, or else it becomes a mass of verdigris. Then wipe all the sand and lemon juice off with a clean rag or cloth, and squeeze some more lemon juice over the tray, rub it on, and then dry. Twice a week is necessary. This recipe should not be used on engraved toys."

Farm and Garden.

HYDRAULIC CEMENT.—Common hydraulic cement mixed with oil, forms a good paint for roofs and out-buildings. It is waterproof and incombustible."

SEEDS.—To keep seeds from the depredations of mice mix some camphor-gum with the seeds. Camphor placed in trunks or drawers will prevent mice from doing them injury."

BLACKENING FOR HARNESS.—Melt four ounces of mutton suet with twelve ounces of beeswax; add twelve ounces of sugar-candy, four ounces of soft soap dissolved in water, and two ounces of indigo, finely powdered. When melted and well mixed, add half a pint of turpentine. Lay it on the harness with a sponge, and polish off with a brush."

REMEDY FOR WORMS.—A correspondent keeps his currant and gooseberry bushes free from worms by the following: Three ounces of copperas dissolved in a bucket of water and sprinkled upon leaves that are infested. Do not exceed this proportion of copperas for fear of injuring the leaves, and sprinkle the worms when first seen. It is much easier to kill them then than when full grown."

ROOFING HOMES.—Let tar be boiled in an iron pot; get charcoal finely powdered, mix it with the tar, by constantly stirring it till the whole is reduced to the state of mortar, and spread it upon a boarded covering with a broad wooden trowel, to the thickness of one fourth or fifth of an inch; it will become hard and durable. It is with this composition that the peasants of Sweden cover their houses."

MAKE IN FOAL.—The best treatment for a mare in foal is to give her moderate exercise daily, care being taken against over-exertion. The food should be good clover and timothy hay, well cut and salted, ground oats, and a bran mash mixed with potatoes or other roots. Feed some corn or meal, but not too much, in order to guard against milk fever. See that the colt promptly relieves the udder as soon as possible after birth."

WOOD ASHES.—Some woods furnish ashes exceedingly rich in potash, so much superior as to make them too caustic for application in excess; but such woods are not plentiful. Basswood, for instance, contains over 350 pounds of potash in every 1000, and elm 200. Apple-wood ashes are rich in lime, and contain 120 pounds of potash. Elm ashes contain a large proportion of soda, the quantity being 130 pounds. Beech ashes contain 160 pounds of potash and 53 pounds of phosphoric acid, while birch ashes contain 116 pounds of potash and 86 pounds of phosphoric acid. Tan-bark ashes contain 56 pounds potash, 238 pounds lime and 26 pounds phosphoric acid. Peat ashes are very inferior, containing only 15 pounds of potash, 10 pounds lime and 6 pounds of phosphoric acid."

Our Young Folks.

THE TRIP TO THE SEA.

BY FRANCISCO.

IT WAS NIGHT, a night in the month of April, in the tropics, too; for our scene is laid in the lovely island of Jamaica.

Two young crabs who were mounted on a low branch of a tree, only a few feet from the ground had unfortunately set their affections on the same supper, and the consequence was first a rush and scramble, and then a quarrel, which resulted in one of the squabblers falling off the bough, right in front of an old neighbor's claws.

Crusty shook her pincers solemnly at this frivolous proceeding, and croaked reproachfully.

"Ah, Toulouru! will you never learn sense? You are the giddiest and most headstrong crab I have ever had the misfortune to instruct."

"It strikes me your days of instruction, as far as I am concerned, are nearly over," cried Toulouru, flippantly, dancing round and round her friend.

"How much longer, Crusty dear, are you going to try and keep us children? Surely we are able to look after ourselves now."

"Poor thing," murmured the old crab, sadly. "It is little you know what is before you."

Then she continued aloud, "after your march to the sea and back again I think your education will be quite finished."

"What am I going to the sea for?" inquired Toulouru, with much curiosity.

"Silly child. Is it possible you do not know that at this time of year we all go on a journey down to the sea to lay our eggs, and it is a very, very dangerous business, I can tell you; no crab who leaves her hole here can be sure of ever seeing it again."

"I think a journey will be great fun," cried Toulouru, gaily skipping about.

"When are we to start?"

"The advance guard set out some days ago, and I heard some of our neighbors talking of to-morrow, or next day," replied Crusty; "but remember, you must follow me wherever I go and do everything I do, or you will be lost."

"Really, you don't say so," said our young acquaintance, more seriously; "I'll go and tell Slow-coach of our trip." And she ran nimbly away.

Crusty's anticipations proved well founded. On the following night the crabs all assembled, and solemnly taking leave of their homes set out on their long journey to the sea.

There were such a very large number of them that the procession marched in a column thirty or forty yards broad.

Some eager young crabs, of the same age as Toulouru, tried to run on ahead, but they were promptly ordered to the rear; any who disobeyed were left to their own devices, and as they did not know the country in the least, they soon lost their way, and those who escaped the dangers that menaced them on every side were only too thankful to be allowed to creep into the ranks at the very end of the procession.

The crabs now moved steadily along for a considerable time, resting during the heat of the day in holes and crevices, and traveling at night.

The leaders had often marched before, and boldly and proudly strutted in front. At last they came to a river, and Crusty uttered a croak of satisfaction.

"We are fortunate!" she cried; "when we reached this point last year more rain had fallen, and there was ever so much water; now the bed of the river is nearly dry, and we can get over easily."

"Why must we go across?" inquired Toulouru in astonishment, "why not go round?"

"Because we must go straight forward whenever it is possible," replied Crusty, impatiently. "Nothing should hinder us, and nothing does except a river."

As she spoke, the pioneers crawled down to the bed of the stream and began crossing.

For a time all went well, but a bevy of young and ignorant crabs just in front of our heroine, instead of waiting quietly for their turn, hastened on too fast after their companions; then, when they began to push and jostle each other, some—the weaker ones—stuck fast in the thick, wet mud of the water course, and the impetuous ones, not minding, crept on over their bodies; and a scene of great confusion ensued.

Many crabs were suffocated, many more, being shoved off the track, were unfortunate enough to fall into deep water-holes which occurred here and there along the river; and when Toulouru scrambled up the farther bank, having succeeded with difficulty in making her way across, she panted—

"Well! if this is the consequence of 'going ahead,' I really don't see the fun of it, and I wish I were at home again."

As she spoke, she beheld a mass of animated mud which was slowly moving towards her, and she could hardly restrain her amusement when she perceived that the object was her old instructress, who, with one eye peeping from her dirty covering, tottered towards her.

"Oh, Toulouru, my dear," she cried, "look at the state I am in—my nice blue coat all soiled, and my mouth filled with slime. How did you get off so well?"

"I suppose because I am younger and more active than you," answered our heroine, simply; "but I don't admire your plan of getting across rivers, I must say."

"Better than going round, better than go-

ing round," mumbled Crusty, with great obstinacy, as she tried to scrape the mud off her back.

"I won't go any farther till I get something to eat," interrupted Slow-coach; this being the first observation she had made since they started.

Her companions were all attention, and Toulouru cried, "I see some lovely fruit hanging from those trees in front of us; are they nice, Crusty?"

"Very nice," replied the old lady, glancing up; "they are the apples of the manchineel tree, and we cannot do better than eat some of them."

As most of the crabs seemed to have come to the same conclusion, the marching order was broken up, and the troop dispersed in all directions.

When they again started in procession, they had not gone far before they saw before them a negro village, consisting of several huts inhabited by a colony of black people.

"Now we shall have to go round," cried Toulouru, joyfully, perceiving that one house was so directly in their line of march that some crabs would have to surmount it if they did not swerve aside.

"Nothing of the kind," shouted Crusty, angrily. "Are not the people all asleep, you coward? and if they were awake three times over we should go all the same. We must walk straight on."

"I won't," said Toulouru, positively. "I value my life a little more than you seem to do, and I'll go to the other side of the column."

"Then be off with you!" cried her enraged companion. "You ought not to be received into crab-society at all."

"I'll go with you," drawled Slow-coach, lazily; and in company with numbers of crabs as foolish as themselves they began to mount the mud walls of the dwelling.

Steadily and slowly, up they went, their claws rattling against the dry clay, and rustling in the thatch of the roof.

Across it they climbed in safety, all but Slow-coach, who, always last, happened, unfortunately for herself, to go too near the hole which did duty for a chimney, and through the aperture she tumbled, and alighted with rather a crash on the face of a chubby little black boy who was reclining on the floor, in happy unconsciousness of what his rude awakening would be.

Cuffy opened his mouth, and gave vent to a yell which caused his family simultaneously to spring to their feet, and his mother, clasping him in her arms, inquired what was the matter; but she speedily discovered the cause of the commotion herself, for Slow-coach, having no time to collect her ideas, had seized Cuffy's nose in her pincers, and held on to him like a vice.

The child shrieked and screamed with fear and pain; neighbors soon rushed in from the other cabins, and the crab, leaving her claw behind, was soon plucked from her prey, and, to make matters secure, thrown into a pot of water, in order that she might not do any further mischief.

Then the negroes, one and all, sallied forth in pursuit of her companions, for the natives full well knew that one solitary land-crab would not ever appear in their village unless the whole of the army were marching to the sea.

Away rushed the colony, men, women, and also children, after the disappearing crabs.

Hither and thither they hurried, some carrying torches, some with baskets, some with aprons, all bent on the capture of their spoil.

The poor crabs vainly clattered their pincers to intimidate their enemies; the most dexterous men caught the crustaceans by the hind legs in order to escape their pincers, and in short time they had collected a goodly number of crabs, with which they retired to their huts, and prepared to secure their captives, and to take as much more repose as they conveniently could.

Meantime the procession of crabs, all unconscious of the mischief their missing companions had wrought, first removed all traces of the rout they had sustained by devouring those of their wounded relations who had escaped, and then moved steadily on towards the goal, taking the loss of their friends in a most philosophic way, and with only one object in their stupid heads—that of getting to the sea as quickly as ever they could.

At last they reached the end of all their journey, the sea, and there, on the yellow sands, they sported and frolicked—that is, any who were not engaged in the serious undertaking of laying their eggs.

Poor Crusty, however, now fell a victim, at last, to her obstinacy and headstrong ways.

She and Toulouru were marching together when the latter suddenly saw right in front of them a hideous creature; it was of a dark color, with six or eight eyes, and its widely-open jaws, and tall turned in a menacing attitude over its back, would have struck terror into the heart of any small crab.

Toulouru hastily pinched one of her friend's legs, and cried, "Oh, Crusty, Crusty, run! Just come a little wee bit out of the way for once; oh, do! You will be killed! There is a frightful creature in front of you."

"Let me go," answered the determined leader. "I will—I must go on."

And on she went, till the scorpion darted upon her, and inserting his venomous tail into a vulnerable part of her body, stung her to death.

Toulouru was very sorry, but she had her own safety to consider, and she could not help her unfortunate friend, so she passed on slowly; and well it was for her that she had been delayed, for a trap was set for her companions.

The negroes who had been nearly poisoned by the crabs had determined—partly from motives of revenge, and partly from wishing to get a good dinner, for they knew that no manchineel-trees grew between the sea and their village, to capture some of the crabs on their way home again, so scouts, consisting of Cuffy and his playfellows, had been constantly on the watch, and as they now reported that the crabs were coming, the whole population again turned out, and placed their baskets in a row on the ground with their empty sides turned towards the advancing file, and, wonderful as it may seem, numbers of misguided crabs walked straight into the prisons prepared for them; while the others went on their way, steadily climbing over all obstacles.

Toulouru saw the black men and the traps, and, making a slight circuit, she avoided these dangers in a very easy manner.

Many of her older companions might with advantage have copied her, but they were so very conceited that nothing would persuade them that their own way was not the best of all.

The diminished party at length regained their homes; all dangers were forgotten; the one great undertaking for the year was over, and they inwardly thought themselves the most virtuous of crabs.

Not so Toulouru; she had returned a sadder and a wiser creature. When she shut herself up in her burrow in the next month, with an immense provision of grass and vegetables, preparatory to remaining in retirement while she was changing her shell, and growing a new suit of clothes, she thought with regret of the heavy losses her family had sustained, and resolved in future to try and coax her friends to avoid the dangers which were only too visible to her, instead of rushing into pitfalls which they could easily shun.

TRAINING FALCONS.

IS IT THEN, says a writer, so very difficult to train and fly a hawk? The best way to answer such an inquiry will be to describe the process from beginning to end—a task which will be shortest and easiest if the little merlin is chosen as the subject of experiment. The young merlins are hatched out late in the spring, a full month later than peregrines, and are not ready to fly till the first, or perhaps even the second week in July. At this time then, or rather earlier, they will be taken from their nest in the heather—little dark-brown creatures, with bold, wide-open eyes, fierce, hissing mouths, and blue feet, armed each with four needle-like talons, ready to grab cruelly the hand put within reach.

There are almost always four youngsters in a merlin's nest, and very often two of each sex. But if the falconer is determined to train his captives only to their orthodox quarry, the skylark, it will not make very much difference to which sex they belong. The young hawks must be fed abundantly. And the first thing after they are able to attempt a flight is to take them to the "hack" place. This is an open spot, the larger the better, where the young will be left at complete liberty for the next few weeks. An open moor or large common serves the purpose admirably, as long as there is no fear of any hostile intruder armed with a gun. At a convenient and conspicuous place in the middle of this ground the food is put out—one ration for each of the hawks which are "at hack"—and every morning and afternoon they will be seen to come up from far or from near to enjoy their regular meal. For some time their attendance will be punctual enough, although each day they will be wilder and less tolerant of a man's approach. But soon their wings, which at first looked soft and rounded at the ends, become pointed and unbending. They take longer and longer flights and begin to dash and stoop about in the air. At this time nothing can be prettier than to see them darting about, half in play and half in earnest, after the birds they come across—the big and bold ones making their attack upon starlings, pigeons, and even rooks, while the smaller ones addict themselves to small birds of all kinds, and the swiftest of all venture actually to enter the lists with martins and swallows.

At length, after a fortnight or three weeks have elapsed, the attendance at meal times becomes sadly irregular. Sometimes one and sometimes another of the truants is absent for a whole day. He has begun to kill his own food; and now is the time to catch him and begin his training. He is accordingly trapped in a skillfully laid net or spring when next he comes down to the hack place; and having thus, in falconers' phraseology, been "taken up," is forthwith put under a strict course of instruction.

A hood is clapped on the head, and he is persuaded to eat his food while wearing it. After a lesson or two he is induced to wear it without objection, perceiving, as he soon does in the hands of a skilled manipulator, that by enduring to be hooded he is sure of a substantial reward in the shape of a dainty morsel of food. All this while, even when he was at hack, the young hawk has been wearing "jesses," which are short strips of fine leather or stout kid, fastened round the ankles and hanging a few inches behind. Through some small slits in these straps is now passed a swivel, with a leash attached to it, and by this leash the small and still wild-looking pupil is fastened to the gloved fist of his instructor.

He is "carried" for some hours among men, children, dogs and horses, so as to become accustomed to their presence; and by this means, being by nature neither shy nor timid nor ill-tempered, is soon "man-ned" or reconciled to human society. It

remains only to break him to the lure, and to "enter" him, each of which processes is soon completed.

First the hawk, confined to his perch by a short string, is "called off" to a piece of food held in the hand; next to a "lure," which consists only of a sham bird weighted with lead and baited also with food. At the second lesson the short string is exchanged for a long one, and at the next the hawk, free from all restraint, is made to come a hundred yards—two hundred—perhaps nearly half a mile—to the swinging bunch of lead and feathers. Here is a "reclaimed" hawk; he can be let fly, when hungry in an open place, and recovered as soon as his owner pleases by the simple exhibition of the "lure." The process sounds simple enough, and is so when once understood.

An experienced falconer will "take up" a young merlin from hack and have him trained in three or four days. Beginners will take longer; for they are sure to make a mistake or two, and each mistake throws the hawk back some twenty-four hours. But a week, or at the most a fortnight, ought to see the most obstreperous and unmanageable of all young merlins perfectly under command.

Arrived at this stage, the hawk may be taken almost at once to the stubbles or the moor-side to make his essay at a lark. Very probably he will at once fly off in pursuit, if the place is favorable and he has a good start, with lark between him and the wind. But, to make sure, it is well to feed him for two or three days before on larks killed or caught for his behoof; and the wings and feathers with which the lure is garnished will, of course, if the trainer is wise, be those of the lark.

The merlin which has once started in pursuit of a wild lark will do so again on the following day, whether he has been successful or not at the first attempt. But he must be flown each time in a tolerably favorable place, so that out of his first few flights one at least may be successful. With an occasional success he will persevere and improve, whereas repeated failures will assuredly disgust and spoil him.

As long as he continues to fly with alacrity he will become each day more skilful and more deadly. He will get to know the enemy's tactics and how to defeat them. He will become a better "rooster"—more clever at seizing the quarry in his talons—as well as a stronger and bolder flyer; and if all goes well, and no feathers are broken, no colds caught, and no other mistakes made, each merlin ought to kill, between middle of August, when he begins work, and the end of September, his average of about one lark a day.

THE DRINKING OF WINE.—The early rulers of Rome, finding it impossible to prevent wine bibbing among the men, contented themselves with prohibiting it among women. They were, however, extremely particular, knowing the weakness of our common nature, not to allow the wine cellar to be committed to their care. If it was under exceptional circumstances so committed, the women were bound to use the greatest precaution with regard to the keys. A matron, who on one occasion resigned the pocket that held these keys to another, was starved by her own family for her imprudence. No less shocking a story is related by Pliny of the noble wife of Mercurius. This lady had very silly allowed herself to be seen drinking wine out of a jar. The indignant husband immediately beat her to death with a stick, and his conduct coming to the ears of Romulus was, if not approved of, excused. The evidence of a woman's guilt in this case was somewhat curious; the witness was permitted to testify about the smell of her breath. The wise Cato, who was ever animated by an ardent desire for the public good, introduced a law to make this evidence more easily attainable. It became a man's bounden duty to kiss a woman in the interest of the community at large. Cato, indeed, with somewhat near-sighted policy, confined this kissing to relatives. Horace, in an address to one of his own wine jars—for which he professed a particular affection, and regarded as being born under the same consul as himself—reminds it that even of the great Cato himself it was reported that this virtue very often grew warm with wine. If this was in fact the case, Cato is not the only man who has looked one way and roved another. There have existed, unfortunately, difference between the examples and precepts of the moralists of all time. Addison, for instance, says some very hard things about wine. Yet we know that the same Addison appeared rather dull than sprightly in a coffee-house, but became entirely changed after a pint or two at the tavern.



THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap, had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap sends for it.



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SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 6, 1896.

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KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

After all that has been given to the world, how many nations have lived, flourished, and become extinct, of which we know nothing! Think of the languages that have left no record except that which we dimly trace in a few chipped flints, perforated bones, and rude stone implements found in some dark cavern, where men, women and children once had their home or made their grave.

Long before Columbus discovered the New World there were Mexicans, Peruvians, and other peoples living on this continent, who had made wonderful advance in culture and civilization. They had constructed roads, bridges and aqueducts that had never been surpassed; they had built temples and palaces which rival the massive structures of Thebes; they had organized governments, established schools, cultivated the arts, extracted ores, mingled colors that still retain all their primeval warmth, and clothed themselves in beautiful garments; but where these people came from, and how they learned their first lessons, no one will ever be able to tell. Of their early doings history is silent.

They had their codes of law, systems of medicine, dogmas of philosophy, and vague questionings of the unseen and infinite. It seemed to them as if they were living in modern times, just as it does to us; they had

no more thought of passing away into the darkness and being forgotten than we have.

And how little we really know of those nations whose history has been most fully written; what grave doubts exist as to those matters which have been most elaborately treated; and how often our great historians contradict each other, and how different are the views which they present of the same historical events; how many things they have recorded about which we care nothing, and how many have left unrecorded of which we should like to know!

Perhaps, after all, we need not regret that there is so much unwritten history. If, as Gibbon says, "history is little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind." There are few periods in the annals of the past of which we can read at any length without having our blood boil; and many things have been told us of the great men of the earth of which we would prefer to have been ignorant.

There is too much clay in our grandest earthly idols, and we do not care to have the facts thrust upon us. It is not everything which a great man does or says that ought to be published to the world. There are events in history of which it is best to make very brief mention. It is probable that we know as much of the past as would be likely to do us any good, and it is quite as well that the veil is not lifted any higher.

SANCTUM CHAT.

AMERICAN silk manufacturers called for an importation of raw silk last year to the value of \$11,936,865. These importations were from Europe and England, Japan, Hong Kong, and Shanghai.

A WELL-KNOWN English medical writer thinks that epidemics are very often spread by milk which before its delivery to consumers has been kept in vile places where it has "licked up" infection from the surrounding atmosphere.

FEMALE suffrage is being warmly demanded in Germany just now. At a recent election in Wurtemberg city the Town Hall was fairly besieged by a number of women clamoring for permission to vote, and the police had to disperse the crowd.

THOSE who may feel at all aggrieved at Lenten fasts can solace themselves with Sydney Smith's reflection: "According to my computation, I have eaten and drank between my tenth and seventieth year forty-four horse wagon loads more than was good for me."

AN anti-crinoline society has been established in London. It issues the following protest: "We, the undersigned, believing that the artificial aid to dress, known as 'crinoline' and 'hoop' is inconvenient and ungraceful in the last extent, hereby engage ourselves never to wear the same whatever attempt is made on the part of milliners to impose this tyranny upon the ladies of England."

POTATO flour, or the dried pulp of the potato, is attaining considerable importance in the arts—so much so, in fact, that in Lancashire, England, some 20,000 tons of it are sold annually, and its market value is stated to be much greater than that of wheat flour. The article is extensively used for sizing and other manufacturing purposes, and, on being precipitated with acid, is converted into starch. After having been calcined, it is used with advantage as a dressing for silk.

ORAL lessons in language have been introduced in all classes of the grammar and intermediate grades of the public schools of Burlington, Vermont. Work of the same kind has also been done in the primary schools, wherein children's magazines have been provided for supplementary reading. It is encouraging to see that the old fashioned manner of studying grammar is everywhere yielding to a method as intelligent and effective as the former one was bald, stupid and useless.

WORSHIPPING by telephone has become a practical success in Hartford, Conn. Every Sunday a hundred or more subscribers are put on the South Church circuit, and generally succeed in following the service with only occasional and slight inter-

ruptions. The solo singing sometimes reaches them in a rather dilapidated condition, and if the preacher turns his back upon the transmitter there is a break in the sermon; but, on the whole, the instrument does fairly well by choir and clergyman.

THAT phase of Paris society which may be designated as rapid, has a new dinner amusement. A number of young men club together and buy a handsome bracelet. They give a dinner, to which they invite such and such people, and after the cloth is removed lots are drawn for the jewel. All present have equal rights in the drawing. If one of the ladies gets the lucky number it is all right, but if one of the gentlemen wins there may be confusion, for he is sure to present it to one of the charmers.

THE students of Harvard College have organized a co-operative society for the purpose of supplying themselves, at moderate prices, with books, furniture, stationery, coal, wood and various other articles. The Harvard Co-operative Society is to begin business as soon as four hundred persons connected with the University have subscribed to the articles governing its operations, and paid an annual fee of \$2 each. Until such time as the success of the society shall have justified its existence, the business will be carried on by commissions in order to prevent loss.

A VIENNESE scientist has invented an instrument—named by him the glossograph—consisting of an ingenious combination of delicate levers and blades which, placed upon the tongue and lips and under the nostrils of the speaker, are vibrated by the movements of the former and the breath flowing from the latter. The vibration is transmitted to pencils, which transcribe the several signs produced by the action of tongue and lips and the breath from the nostrils upon a strip of paper moved by a mechanical arrangement. Similar to shorthand, a special system of writing, which may fitly be termed glossography, is produced, based on the principle of syllable construction and combination of consonants.

"I apply myself with diligence to every kind of study," said the son of Confucius to the philosopher, "and neglect nothing that can render me clever and ingenious, but still I do not advance." "Omit some of your pursuits," replied the philosopher, "and you will get on better. Among those who travel constantly on foot, have you ever observed any who run? It is essential to do everything in order, and only grasp that which is within reach of your arm, for otherwise you give yourself useless trouble. Those who, like yourself, desire to do everything in one day, do nothing to the end of their lives; while others, who steadily adhere to one pursuit, find that they have accomplished their purpose."

AN assembly of artists and men of letters have just founded a monthly club dinner—the Waistcoat Dinner. They meet on Thursdays, in Paris. Every member is expected to wear an extraordinary waistcoat, in which he must not appear twice. At the first meeting the Baron d'Espeleta's, for instance, was crimson-breasted; M. Albiot wore gold and dead leaves; M. Bourgain, sea-blue, with ships of all shapes cut out in white; Poilpot, the painter, had a yellow waistcoat studded with red fencing-foils; Baron de Vaux exhibited a black-and-silver garment like a small pall. The actresses present—who numbered among them Mme. Piccolo, of the Palais Royal; Marguerite, of the Varieties; and Renee Maurice—were uncontrolled as to costume, but had to pay their score in singing.

THE kind Queen of Belgium showed the other day what grace a gentle courtesy adds to womanhood. In the Rue Royal, as a cabman was waiting on the stand, seated on his box, a sudden gust of wind carried off his hat, and sent it dancing along the street, while he, unable to leave his horse, gesticulated frantically to the passers-by, who, insensible to his appeals, were enjoying the scene. Just then the Queen drove past in her pony-chaise, and seeing the poor man's distress, stopped, and ordered a groom to get down and recover the hat. Her Majesty waited till it was caught and restored to its owner, who, now more embarrassed than before, did not know how to express

his gratitude. She then bowed her acknowledgments of the awkward attempt he made to convey his sense of her condescension, touched her horses and drove off, having given a lesson to the little crowd of rather crestfallen bystanders, which it is to be hoped was not lost upon them.

In a description of the theatres of Japan, Professor Morse told how the mock combats of the stage are conducted: "The fighting scenes are a Chinese importation. On being hit, the actors fall backward with great violence and stick their legs up in the air. I saw an actor representing one of the Samurais keeping an attacking party of peasants at bay with his fan. At last, when hard pressed by a number of assailants armed with spears, clubs, etc., etc., he said that he must really draw his sword, and put his hand upon the hilt for the purpose; whereupon the attacking party—thirty or forty in number—instinctively fell upon their backs and stuck their legs up in the air—which token of the prowess of the upper class gave much satisfaction to the audience."

THE evil of deadheadism on railroads has been turned to personal profit by some of the Western conductors. The passes are sometimes lent by the persons to whom they are issued. The conductor may take advantage of this in the manner described by one of them, as follows: "A man handed me a Senator's pass. 'Now,' said I, 'you are not Senator.' 'I could see that he wouldn't have the thing get out for a hundred dollars. He tried to smile, but I looked determined. Then he began to enter into a long explanation of how Senator—had pressed the pass upon him, and wound up by handing me a \$20 bill to pay his fare. When I told him that I would have trouble to get the note changed, he smiled, and said, 'Never mind.' So I kept the 'whole bill.' A detective has caught several conductors at this trick."

A PROMINENT French physician has just told some facts about dreams. It is well known that when a person is lying down the blood flows easily to the brain. During sleep, so long as the head is laid low, dreams take the place of coherent thoughts. There are, however, different sorts of dreams, and this writer's purpose is to show that the manner of lying brings on a particular manner of dream. Thus, according to this investigator, uneasy and disagreeable dreams accompany lying upon the back. The most general method of lying, perhaps, is on the right side, and this appears to be also the most natural method. When one sleeps upon the right side, one's dreams have marked and rather unpleasant characteristics. They are then apt to be illogical, absurd, childish, uncertain, incoherent, full of vivacity and exaggeration. Dreams which come from sleeping on the right side are, in short, simply deceptions. On the other hand, when a person slumbers on his left brain, his dreams are not only less absurd, but they may also be intelligent. They are, as a rule, concerned with recent things—not with reminiscences.

THE history of Dresden china dates back to the year 1710. Until recently the work has been carried on in the old castle where the charmed secret of "how to make it" was discovered. A number of commodious buildings are now used for the work, and occupied by seven hundred workmen (we had almost said artists, for they certainly deserve that name.) The china is composed of a mixture of feldspar and kaolin. The process of making is very similar to that used in the making of any china. The principal charm is the skill and care which is used. When one sees the numberless processes of moulding, trimming, baking, decorating and polishing through which each piece of china—and, indeed, each tiny flower vase, we do not wonder at its great cost. This china has been imitated very widely, but one can always tell the genuine article by the royal mark, which is two swords crossed. There are two qualities of Dresden china; the second can be distinguished from the first by the addition of two little grooves, running at right angles with the swords. The difference between these classes arises simply from the fact that in baking the second class articles have not retained their perfect form. The demand for china is greater than can be supplied, and the majority of these orders come from England and the United States.

WITCHCRAFT.

PEOPLE are only too apt to believe that witchcraft has become an exploded article of the popular creed. Yet there would not be the slightest difficulty experienced by any one whose reading includes a moderately large list of daily newspapers. They had an epidemic of witchcraft in Butler, this State, only a few months ago, when the fact was revealed that there were six professional "witch-masters" in the county, and that when Satan got possession of a man and was not disturbed in his tenancy for two months, \$5 was the smallest sum for which he could be evicted. The modus operandi is to cut a circle on a white oak tree and lure the devil to enter it, which it does with a noise like thunder and a vehemence that splits the tree to splinters.

The patient is then corked up, as it were, with prayers and charms. Leaving out of the question the Voodoo priestesses and the Spiritualist mediums, it is safe to say that the professors of witchcraft in the United States, are numbered by hundreds and derive an annual revenue from the credulous which it would take at least seven figures to express.

Though witchcraft is not so public and profitable a business in England, the belief in witches is even more generally held.

Within the last few weeks one case has been reported where the parson of the parish was appealed to to cut a sod from the alleged witch's grave to stop her nightly promenades for evil purposes, and two young men were brought before the courts for knocking down an old woman and "drawing blood" from her with a knife, so as to release their sister from her spells.

In North Devon, a small farmer who had been bewitched by a dead relative's spirit, had to import a white witch from Exeter to break the spell by a solemn burning of herbs and incense in a brazier, with proper incantations, and it may be added that the white witch insisted on receiving his fees and mileage in advance, and stipulated that he was to be fed on fresh beef during his absence from Exeter, the farmer's customary diet of bacon and cheese being unfitted for the nourishment of those having to wrestle with demons and the powers of the air.

The London Daily News is authority for the statement that, "to-day in England women of bad temper and a certain originality of character deliberately give themselves out to be witches. They win some respect and exercise some influence. One woman has at this moment a reputation for keeping seven little familiar spirits, which leap out of her mouth, like the red mouse from the lips of the fair witch in 'Faust.' A witch often lowers the rents of the adjacent cottages and demoralizes a whole neighborhood."

The last legal execution in England for witchcraft occurred in 1716, but in 1806 a reputed wizard was drowned in a pond at the village of Heddington, in Essex, not forty miles from London; and assays were also held for duping persons into the belief that their ailments were caused by their being "witched," and for professing to cure them by giving them charms to wear suspended round their necks.

At Havay, in Belgium, in June last a peasant not only lost his child, but his cow, and consequently consulted the village wise man, or *devin*, who said:

"Go home and to-morrow morning burn the first person who crosses your doorstep. That person will have been the cause of your ills. I will take care that God sends him." The countryman went home as directed, and, with the aid of his spouse, prepared a kind of funeral pile in the biggest room of the house, and when next morning a kind neighbor, who had nursed the child in its last sickness, came to the door, the couple pounced on her, tied her hands and feet and kindled the pyre, on which they laid her. She had the wit to confess her guilt and beg for a priest, and when the priest came he liberated her, but not till she had been fearfully burned.

The tribunal of Mons laid its iron hand on the culprits, sent them to jail for sixty and forty days, and made them pay \$60 damages to their victim. In the south of France a similar charm is in vogue. The courts in Germany were called upon not long ago to decide a suit brought by a peasant and his wife against a neighbor whom they accused of having caused the death of their two little pigs by witchcraft. "You couldn't see any marks on their bodies at all," he testified. "In the evening they were healthy, at heartily, the pigsty was locked, and in the morning one of them was already dead. The defendant crossed the yard during the night and bewitched them. I speak to you Judge, as to a father, and I implore you to make her give you the doctor books she has got. In there it stands how to bewitch."

When the suit was dismissed, the complainants said they would appeal, and as they went out the husband exclaimed: "This we cannot lose; it is impossible." It may be added that while in Madagascar, the missionaries have rooted out the last vestiges of idolatry, the belief in witchcraft, and the practice of idolatry. It was reported last winter that a dog had spoken and had announced that a hurricane, causing grievous famine, would devastate the district; that immense hailstones would descend and that even the heavens would fall. To avert this the people were told to get six black and six white beads and to wear them around the neck, and no harm would come to them, and all the influence of the missionaries could not prevent the converts from investing in beads.

Unmerited honors never wear well.

CURIOUS WILLS.

MR. JOHN HOLLOWAY, of London, left \$25,000 to a benevolent society of livery-stable keepers, in whose trade and interests he was concerned during a long part of his life, and directed that his horse should be killed in the presence of his executors as soon as possible after his own decease lest the animal should fall into unkind hands.

Mrs. Elizabeth Chamler, of London, recently left her servant £100 a year for life, and all her dogs and birds, with £20 a year for each dog and £10 for each bird, so long as they lived. Bequests to animals are more frequent in the Old World than here.

The Count de Mirandole, who died in 1825, left a legacy to a favorite carp which he had nourished for twenty years in an antique fountain standing in his hall.

The following clause from a will was in the English papers for March, 1828: "I leave to my monkey, my dear, amusing Jacko, the sum of £10 sterling to be enjoyed by him during life; it is to be expended solely in his keep. I leave to my faithful dog Shock and to my beloved cat Tib £1 sterling apiece as yearly pension."

Mr. Berkeley, of Knightsbridge, who died May 5, 1805, left a pension of £25 per annum to his four dogs. This singular individual had spent the latter part of his life wrapped in the society of his curs, on whom he lavished every mark of affection. When any one ventured to remonstrate with him he would reply: "Men assailed my life; dogs preserved it." This was a fact for when attacked by brigands in Italy he had been rescued by his big dog, whose descendants the four pets were.

Counsellor Winslow, of Copenhagen, who died June 24, 1811, ordered by will that his carriage horses should be shot, to prevent their falling into the hands of cruel masters.

Lord Chancellor Eldon, not the most amiable or sentimental of men, left a small annuity to his dog. Concerning the provisions for the disposition of the testator's remains, a Manchester lady bequeathed a surgeon £25,000 on condition that he should claim her body and embalm it, and "that he should once in every year look upon her face, two witnesses being present."

Another lady, of an economical turn of mind, desired that, if she should die away from Brankome, her remains, after being placed in a coffin, should be inclosed in a plain deal box and conveyed by goods train to Poole. "Let no mention," she stated, "be made of the contents, as the conveyance will not be charged more for than an ordinary package."

A French traveler, recently deceased, desired to be buried in a large leather trunk to which he was attached, as it "had gone round the world with him three times;" and an English clergyman and justice of the peace, who at the age of eighty, had married a girl of thirteen, asked to be buried in an old chest he had selected for the purpose. One man wished to be interred with the bed on which he had been lying; another desired to be buried far from the haunts of men, where nature may "smile upon his remains," and a third bequeathed his corpse for dissection, after which it is to be put into a deal box and thrown into the Thames. One man did not wish to be buried at all, but gave his body to the Imperial Gas Company to be consumed to ashes in one of their retorts, adding that should the superstition of the times prevent the fulfillment of his bequest, his executors place his remains in St. John's Wood Cemetery, "to assist in poisoning the living in that neighborhood."

Henry Longbotham, who died at Port Jefferson, L. I., not long ago, wrote of his wishes as follows: "It is my wish and order that when the breath has left my body something shall be wrapped around my body and a shirt put over it. To lay above ground till there were signs of decomposition. My grave to be dug between my wife's and my father's, four and a half feet at the head and five feet at the foot. My coffin, if thin, to be boxed. No pow-wow, it will be considered an insult. A small stone at my head will be all. I may furnish both coffin and stone."

Mr. Thomas C. Baker, of San Francisco, enjoyed the privilege of coming back ten years after he had been officially declared dead and his will had been proved and administered, being thus able to judge for himself as to the fidelity with which its provisions had been carried out.

At North Adams, Mass., a will is being contested because rats ate off the signatures.

LOBSTER SPEARING.—This sport is pursued in the Indian fashion, by torchlight. A dark, calm night and a falling tide are the first requisites, and the crew of the canoe must consist of three—one to row, one to hold the torch so that its light will fall through the shallow water, and light to the bottom to show the lobsters crouched among the seaweed; and last, but not least, the spearer, armed with a long wooden spear, which it requires considerable skill and practice to drive down, so that the two prongs will close over the lobster's back, capturing him firmly, while leaving his body uninjured. It is a sport both exciting and pleasurable. The captive lobsters sometimes makes very unpleasant occupants of a boat, and it requires great equanimity to feel them crawling about one's feet.

"How is it that you have so much time to yourself?" asked Pingrey. "Why, old Percentum has given me an interest in the business." "No, is that so? I congratulate you." "Oh, yes; he told me that he could get along without my services in the future and I'm interested to know how he's going to do it."

New Publications.

A novelty in summer books will be shortly published in the shape of "Summer Gleanings," by Rose Porter. To each day of the summer months has been given an appropriate selection in somewhat the style of the birthday book. On each page of the book a space for pressed flowers, another for daily jottings, and the third for pen or pencil sketches have been left, and the paper is of a character suitable for these. The book will be bound in several attractive styles, and will be published by White & Stokes, New York.

"Mrs. Mayburn's Twins," by John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies," is published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. The story is the diurnal experiences of Mrs. Mayburn, whose husband is loving but thoughtless, and whose children are real flesh and blood youngsters, at once the joy and torment of their mother's life. It is told in a natural and sparkling manner. Price, in paper covers, 50 cents.

Dorothy. A Country Story in Elegiac Verse. Boston: Robert Brothers. This is a poem of decided originality and considerable merit. Its heroine is an English peasant girl leading a hard life upon an English farm, working hard in the fields or about the house from morning till night with constant and ungrudging cheerfulness, without thinking of envying her betters, without desiring or aspiring to rise above her condition, and with no idea that her lot was one which she had any reason to bewail. The beauty and interest of the poem consist in the power and faithfulness with which this character is portrayed. Apart from its central figure, the poem is interesting by reason of the pictures it contains of English country life. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

The Appledore Cook Book. Containing Practical Receipts for Plain and Rich Cooking. By M. Parloa. A new edition of this, one of the best cook books ever published, has just been issued. It has been prepared with an especial view to the needs of small families, and for the preparation of healthful and nutritious food, more attention being paid to dishes of this kind than to those of a richer and more costly character. Those who desire the latter, however, will find ample instructions for their preparation. As every housekeeper has receipts of her own which she may wish to preserve, the publishers have with commendable forethought inserted a supply of ruled blank leaves for copying them and such others as may be picked up from time to time. It is printed on good paper, and is firmly and tastefully bound. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston. Price \$1.25.

The Mysteries of the Court of Louis Napoleon, by Emile Zola, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is a strong and realistic novel, written in the style that has made Zola famous the world over. It has absorbing interest, for in it he lays bare in thrilling language the inner life intrigues, vices and corruptions of the Court of Louis Napoleon, and those who formed it. The corruptions of the time are pictured with no uncertain hand, and pen-and-ink portraits of well-known public men of the period are given in abundance. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price 75 cents.

"Gloria" is the title of a novel translated from the Spanish of B. Perez Galdos, by Clara Bell. It is a sketch of Spanish life that has much to commend it. Not only is the comparative novelty of the scenes a relief, but the various characters, which are few, but excellently painted, partake of a most attractive freshness. Translations from the Spanish are not many at the present day, but Gloria certainly does honor to and reads most attractively in its English dress. Two volumes. Gottsberger, New York, publisher. For sale by Porter & Coates, this city.

"A Family Flight Through France, Germany, Norway and Sweden." By E. E. Hale and Miss Susan Hale. This just issued volume, with its elegant binding, liberal margins and wealth of illustrations, is something of exceptional beauty. But its peculiar value does not lie altogether in its outside appearance. The authors are known the country over as among the best of our story-writers. As one may gather from the title, it is almost purely descriptive in its character. The family party whose experiences it records "flew" through the countries visited, but in all of them found something new, or at least they described old things in a way which made them seem new. Through France with its vineyards and sunny stretches of landscapes; Germany with its castled peaks and quaint old cities; Norway and Switzerland, seeing all that could be seen, and catching a bit here and a bit there to weave into the web of narrative before us. Aside from its intrinsic interest, the volume is one of the handsomest that ever came from the hands of an American publisher. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$2.50. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

All Aboard for Sunrise Lands. By Edward A. Rand. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price in boards \$1.75; in cloth \$2.25. Old as well as young readers will feel grateful to Mr. Rand for this capital volume of travel, which is written in his best style, and is enriched with more than two hundred exquisite illustrations. The story, aside from everything else, is fascinating in the extreme, and will be read and re-read with increasing delight by all I've adventure-loving boys. The author takes for his characters a party of boys, bright, hearty and brimming over with curiosity to see and hear everything that comes within their

range. They have an uncle, a sea captain who has knocked about all over the world, and picked up a vast amount of curious knowledge. They obtain permission from their parents to accompany him on a long voyage to the east. Sailing from San Francisco they touch at Japan, where they stop long enough at each country to see a great deal of the place and pick up a mass of information regarding the habits and peculiar customs of its inhabitants. The book is brought out in magnificent shape, fine paper, clear type, and handsome covers, and it meets with the success it richly deserves, will be one of the best-selling books of the season. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

MAGAZINES.

In the North American Review for April, Gov. Eli H. Murray, of Utah, treats of the existing crisis in the political fortunes of that Territory. An article entitled "Why They Come," by Edward Self, is devoted to the consideration of the many important questions connected with European immigration to this country. Dr. Henry A. Martin, replying to a recent article by Henry Bergh, defends the practice of vaccination. E. L. Godkin has an article on "The Civil Service Reform Controversy." Senator Riddleberger on "Bourbonism in Virginia;" and General Albert Ordway on "A National Militia." Finally there is a paper of extraordinary interest on the exploration of the ruined cities of Central America. The Review is published at 30, Lafayette Place, New York, and is sold by booksellers and newsdealers generally.

The contents of the Popular Science Monthly, for April, are: "Chinese Immigration," by Gerrit L. Lansing; "The Scholastic Prelude to Modern Science," by Henry Duncan MacLeod, M. A.; "How Animals Breathe, II," by H. L. Fairchild, illustrated; "Has Science Yet Found a New Basis for Morality?" by Professor Goldwin Smith, one of the most forcible papers ever written; "Fossil Seeds," by Stanislas Meunier, illustrated; "The Unwept Canon," by Henry Gannett; "Recent Wonders of Electricity, II," by W. H. Preces, F. R. S.; "Modern Explosives," by Benjamin Vaughan Abbott; "The Germ Theory," by Professor Louis Pasteur; "Dean Swift's Disease," by Dr. Bucknill, F. R. S.; "Hyacinth-Bulbs," by Professor Grant Allen; "The Javanese Calendar," by J. A. C. Oudemans; "Sketch of M. Louis Pasteur," with portrait; "Entertaining Varieties," "The Mountains of the Moon," "The Chronicle of Hakin Ben Sheytan," etc.; "Correspondence;" "Editor's Table," Goldwin Smith on Scientific Morality; "Literary Notes," "Popular Miscellany," and "Notes." The Popular Science Monthly, N. Y.

The Magazine of Art, for April, is every way up to the mark of its predecessors, both in reading matter and pictures. Indeed the latter represent the highest excellence of art. Among the articles, all of which are splendidly illustrated, are: "The Mid-Day Rest," "The Watts Exhibition," "The Coal-Scuttle from an Artistic Point of View," "Fluggen," "A Spanish Courtyard," "Alnwick Castle," "Benvenuto Cellini," "The Towers of Sir Christopher Wren," "A New Life of Raphael," "The Royal School of Art-Needlework," etc., etc. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York.

The Magazine of Art, for March, is one of the best numbers recently issued, whether as regards its illustrations or its literary contents. The engravings are very numerous and very good, and more than any we have come across recently in any English publication they show the influence of the thorough and careful methods of the American school of wood-engraving. The most noteworthy of the illustrated articles, are a sketch by John Bagnold Burgess, A. R. A.; "Alnwick Castle," by M. Croighton; "Book Decoration," by S. W. Kershaw; "Belgian Art;" "Antique Spoons," by T. W. Greene; and "Nuremberg Art," by W. M. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York.

Arthur's Illustrated Home Magazine is always good, so that it is but in the order of things that the April number is so. The Household Departments, in particular, may be commended this month, as containing much that is specially useful. Arthur & Sons, publishers, Phila., Pa.

The April number of Lippincott's Magazine contains: "In and About a Normandy Market-Place," by Margaret Bertha Wright, illustrated; "Disappointment," by George Newell Lovejoy; "Stephen Guthrie," a story illustrated; "Our Substitute for a Navy," by Charles F. Johnson, Jr.; "Four-Footed Prize Fighters," by Felix L. Oswald, illustrated; "The Hospital Bird," by John B. Tabb; "In a Florida Cracker's Cabin," a sketch, by Charles Dunning; "The Assistant Editor," a story, by Mary Ellsworth Miles; "Captain William Kidd," by Charles Barr Todd; "Puzzled," by Mary Anne Devere; "New Year's with the Ojibways," by Helen Campbell; "A Bohemian," a story; "Among the Gweldion," by Wirt Sikes; "Our Monthly Gossip," and "Literature of the Day." J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers, Phila., Pa.

The Sanitarian, for March, as usual, contains an excellent list of timely topics, intelligently treated, in the way of both private and public health. 113 Fulton Street, New York. Price, \$3 per year.

"Oh, I suppose he loves Sarah, and would be glad to marry her," he was saying to the woman in the post office corridor yesterday, "but I dunno." "Isn't he a nice young man?" asked the other. "Well, he's nice enough, but very reckless with his money. At Christmas time he made us a present of a French clock for the parlor, and there's not one of us in the house who speaks a word of French."

A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION— THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

Declared by Editors and Housekeepers to be one of the Most Wonderful Discoveries of Our Time.

The Readers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST have doubtless noticed that we have accorded to THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP the UNUSUAL DISTINCTION of EDITORIAL NOTICES. We do this, feeling it our duty as public journalists to draw the attention of heads of families to what is beyond doubt a MOST REMARKABLE DISCOVERY, and one of great importance to the Housekeepers of America.

It has often been a subject of discussion among men and women of intelligence why the fact should exist that very few inventions are made to lighten the work of housekeeping; and also why it should be that the first impulse of women is to oppose all new methods that are brought to their notice without caring to give them any consideration; and the conclusion that has been arrived at is, that when women are once aroused to a sense of the absurdity of thus standing in their own light, the attention of inventors will be turned to the subject of the needs of Housekeepers, and ironing, sweeping, cooking, dishwashing, etc., will be made easy by the aid of science.

A PHILADELPHIAN, of SCIENTIFIC ATTAINMENTS, having had his attention aroused to the necessity of such aids to Housekeepers, has perfected what he has called "The Frank Siddalls Soap" and "The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes," and the SATURDAY EVENING POST takes pride in telling its readers that, by the use of its advertising columns, backed up by its editorial endorsements of the *thorough reliability of these aids*, the attention of thousands of overworked Housekeepers has been drawn to this article,

And Warm Letters of Thanks are Daily being Mailed from All Parts of the United States.

Containing heartfelt thanks for what this great invention has done for the writers. These Letters, a few of which have been published in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, constitute

A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF NOT LESS THAN TEN THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS,

not one of them Solicited. The originals can be inspected by any one who will take the trouble to call at the Office of the Frank Siddalls Soap, 718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa. It is really no matter for wonder that this effort should have been attended with such marked success, as the unheard-of offer made is so fair: to furnish a cake of the Soap by mail (postage prepaid) for trial to any one who will send the retail price (10 cts.) and will promise to use the Soap on the whole of a regular family wash, and exactly by the Directions, when the postage alone is 15 cts., the cost of the box 6 cts., and a regular 10-cent cake is sent—all for 10 cents. It seems to us as if every one of our Subscribers must feel impelled to make the necessary promises and send for a cake of the Soap and try for themselves its wonderful virtues.

The SATURDAY EVENING POST also endorses all these statements, and tells its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence

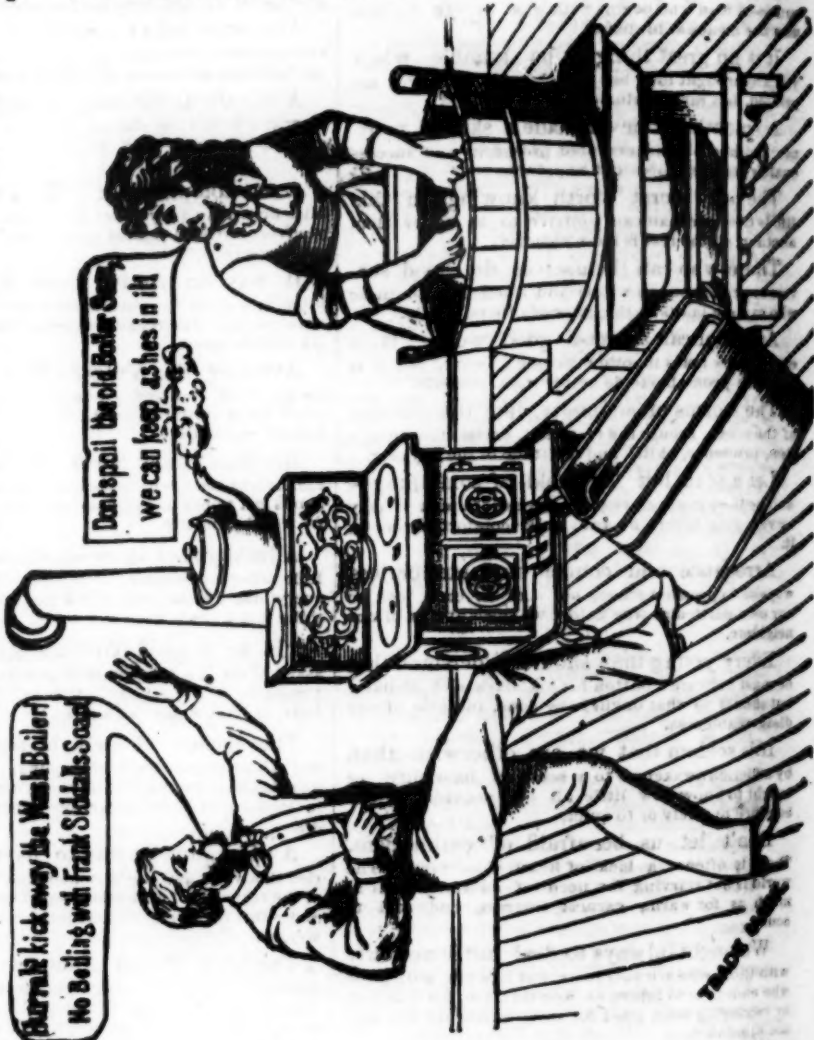
The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that their attention had been directed to better methods.



And Wives of Dealers

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, should get their husbands to write to the office and get a circular, showing a remarkably liberal inducement to Dealers' Wives to get them to give the Frank Siddalls Soap a thorough trial in their own houses.

In giving Editorial approval to the Frank Siddalls Soap we are only one among many publishers, who, knowing the Soap to be, and to do, all that is claimed for it, have given it unqualified endorsement. Among other high-class Journals may be mentioned—

THE METHODIST,
THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES,
THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD,
THE BURLINGTON HAWKEYE,
THE NORRISTOWN HERALD,
THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE,
THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK,
THE N. Y. WEEKLY WITNESS,

N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL & CATHOLIC REGISTER
Besides a host of well-known Journals, too numerous to mention.

AND NOW DON'T GET THE OLD WASHBOILER MENDED, but Next Wash-Day Put Aside All Little Notions and Prejudices, And Give One Trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes;

And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this paper if there was any humbug about it. After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is her interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FIVE conditions (persons who do not comply with all FIVE of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters):

- First—Inclose the retail price—10 cents—in money or stamps.
- Second—Say in her letter that she saw the advertisement in the SATURDAY EVENING POST.
- Third—Promise that the Soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
- Fourth—Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.
- Fifth—Only One Cake of Soap must be sent for—it being a very expensive matter to send even one Cake.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for any lady reader of the SATURDAY EVENING POST not doing away with all her wash-day troubles.

The Frank Siddalls Improved Way of Washing Clothes

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow These Rules Exactly, or Don't Buy the Soap.

The Soap Washes Freely in Hard Water. Don't Use Soda or Lye. Don't Use Borax or Ammonia. Don't Use Anything but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Don't try the Soap on part of the Wash, but use it on the whole Wash, no matter how dirty. It answers for the finest Laces and Lace Curtains, Calico, fine Lawns, Woollens, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for the most Soiled Clothing of Butchers, Printers, Blacksmiths, Painters, Laborers, Mechanics, Mill Hands and Farmers.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem. NEVER USE VERY HOT WATER, and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap. ALWAYS USE LUKEWARM WATER.

FIRST.—Cut the Soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the wash board and rub on the Soap lightly, not minding any soiled pieces. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—(a full hour is the best) and let the Soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DON'T use any more Soap; DON'T scold or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DON'T wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes but don't keep the soap on the wash board, nor lying on the water, or it will scald. Do not expect this Soap to wash out stains that are SET by the old way of washing although it will often do so. For unusual STAINS, hard to remove, rub more soap on and expose to the hot sun in Summer or freezing weather in Winter. If at any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather use less Soap next time; if not lather enough, use more Soap.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows: Wash each piece lightly on the wash board through the rinse-water (withor using any more Soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out. Any smart Housekeeper will know just how to do this.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for this Soap takes the place of bluing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling. Use scarcely any bluing, for this Soap takes the place of bluing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling.

STAINS that cannot be removed by The Frank Siddalls Soap and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, cannot be removed by any other soap or any washing mixture, nor by scalding or boiling. ALWAYS make the blue-water soapy, and the less bluing the better; there will always be more or less of a scum on the blue-water. Do not skim this off. The clothes when dry will not smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet in doors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a clean way to soak clothes over night. Such long soaking sets dirt and makes the clothes harder to wash. The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement and also makes the pieces iron much easier.

Where clothes have to lie over-night, on account of bad drying weather, where it is not convenient to dry them in-doors, they should be washed clean exactly by the above directions, then washed through a lukewarm rinse-water exactly by the above directions, so as to get the dirty suds out, and then thrown into a tub of clean water made quite soapy, to stand over night; next morning wring them out of that water and put through a soapy blue-water (which can either be lukewarm or cold), and out on the line.

Don't forget to try the Frank Siddalls Soap for the Toilet, the Bath, and for Shaving. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant. Always leave plenty of lather on the skin. Infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores which other soap often causes. Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know for certain that the long-continued use of a soap that is excellent for washing children cannot possibly injure delicate articles washed with it, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for Washing Mirrors, Window Glass, Car Windows, and all kinds of Glass Vessels; also for Washing Milk Utensils, and for Removing the Smell from the Hands after Milking. When used for washing dishes it leaves the dishcloth splendid and clean, and the dishcloth never requires scalding. Where Water is scarce, or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few Buckets of Water will answer for doing a large Wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to Directions.

If the place you deal with will not buy the Soap to accommodate you, or you think you are being overcharged for the Soap, try some other dealer, or write to our office, and—

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 CALLOWHILL STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER. Remember that Prejudice is a Sign of Ignorance.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such Wholesale Houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co, Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, Adams & Howe, Mahnken & Moorhouse, Austin, Nichols & Co., Wright, Knox & Depew, and others, and by many Retail Grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by every Wholesale and Retail Grocer, and rapidly growing to be the most popular Soap in the United States.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

SEAL-BROWN cashmere still retains one of the favorite materials for walking dresses, combined with plush or velvet, one of the prettiest skirts for such a dress is in alternate panels of plain plush and pleated cashmere, a tablier of pleated cashmere being draped across the front, and cut up by bows of moire ribbon.

The paniers are of plush, falling low at the sides and forming the back drapery, the bodice being of cashmere, with coat-tails behind and short panels at the sides, falling over the paniers, and each containing a plush pocket.

Plush cuffs and collar, and a plush chapeau with strings of moire ribbon complete the costume.

But many walking-dresses and visiting costumes are now made of embroidery imitating Richelieu guipure.

A dress of myrtle-green cashmere has the square tablier embroidered all round in this manner with silk of the same color, over a plush skirt edged with satin pleatings.

The fronts of the corsage, cut out en cœur, are embroidered in the same manner over a plush waist-coat, the collar and cuffs being of the same exquisite embroidery, and completing a toilette of unrivalled elegance.

Black satin stripes alternating with white gros grain stripes in pleatings and flounces will be much used for the skirts of dresses that are otherwise made of black satin duchesse.

Three different widths of stripes are shown in new silks for this purpose, and the pleats are laid to show only the black satin on top, with glimpses of the white beneath each pleat, like a facing.

Entirely black stripes, or those of any one dark color, are very effective for pleated front breadths when stripes two and a half or three inches wide are woven alternately of moire and satin.

Each stripe is lapped to leave about an inch of its breadth visible as the pleat, making the satin and moire show alternately. This is sewed on the skirt foundation beneath the panier drapery, and covers the front breadth and one breadth on each side. The pleats are pressed flatly, and basted at intervals on the wrong side.

For dressy toilettes the mode is still to have the tablier, or front of the dress, a plain breadth of the most magnificent brocade or embroidery in gold and silk. Lace patterns, embroidered or woven with gold thread, are combined with flowers on rich satin grounds of different colors, and are, as will be readily believed, exceedingly rich and effective.

Embroidery and beading are both largely used on all the richest spring dresses. In Paris it is no unusual occurrence for a design to be made for a single dress and then destroyed, the design being arranged for each separate piece, and worked after the dress is cut out, and the same with beading. It is not unusual to see several kinds of beads used in a single trimming, not only as regards color but form—bugles, pearls, round, oval, and pear-shaped, seed beads of all shades of color, gold and silver beads going to make up a single pattern. When these are worked on net, it is difficult to believe how such a frail foundation can support such weighty embroidery.

Spanish lace designs and large polka dots of plush or velvet on thin armure grounds are the novelties in grenadines. Great roses, leaves, and arabesques like those of Spanish lace are made entirely of plush, or else these figures are of lace-like meshes with thick edges, on the armure grenadines.

Directoire coats are not so much seen this year. They are set aside to make way for the more becoming polonaise, which can be made of any material and color, and be either plain or elaborately trimmed, and be worn with several skirts, as in days of yore.

There are black lace polonaise, and white lace polonaises, and black jetted cashmere polonaises, and white bugled polonaises and blue embroidered polonaises, and pink embroidered polonaises, which can all be worn over black velvet, silk, satin, or watered silk skirts.

Striped gauze and satin polonaises in white, black, and colors are worn over white, black, and colored skirts, making thus a variety of coloring, most charming in a social gathering.

Then, pointed cuirasse bodices are worn, which may match, or be in perfect contrast to the skirt, with which they are worn. Colored velvet, silk, satin, or watered silk bodices, are thus seen with white or black skirts, and

black bodices are worn with white or colored skirts.

Polonaise effects are given to the fronts of dresses in order to form panier drapery without cutting the waist off as a basque. The straight fronts form two points as they are drawn back to be caught up in pleats at the side seams. The back is in polka style, being cut off about four inches below the waist line, and two fully draped breadths are added there beneath a great bow of satin.

I heard a lady ask a fashionable dress-maker the other day, what was the most fashionable color of the season?

"The color which suits you best," he answered; and this answer I retail to you, as it is a pearl, especially, as it comes from the most celebrated man-milliner of this age. Let it then be borne in mind whenever a new purchase of any kind has to be made.

Yellow, however, is very much worn, and it is mostly becoming to all, whether dark or fair, notwithstanding the idea that it does not suit blondes.

There is a golden yellow, that is quite as becoming to fair hair, as it is to the olive-browed beauty, just as there is a particular shade of blue that is more suitable to dark complexions than to fair ones.

Many ladies, now affect an extreme simplicity in their morning walking dresses, even those who wear the most superb materials as evening, reception, or visiting dresses; a quite, simply-made toilette of limousine being the most general. Still many reception dresses, without being very rich, are very elegant, like the following toilet of myrtle-green cashmere and old-gold satin.

The round skirt of cashmere is deeply crenelated at the edge, each crenelation being turned back to show the lining of old-gold satin, the openings being filled up with a pleating of the same. The cashmere tunic is extremely graceful, hanging low on the right side, but cut up high on the left hip, the edge being turned back in a wide revers to show the old gold lining; a wide cashmere scarf, lined with old-gold satin, and edged with a pleating of the same is tied in a bow in front, it encircles the hips, and is draped behind, turned back here and there to show the lining.

The corsage, the basques of which are partly hidden beneath the scarf, is open over a satin waistcoat, the fronts being edged with a cashmere pleating lined with satin, a pleating of cashmere forming a heading; this ornament edges the neck; the paretments are partly of satin, partly of cashmere.

Another elegant dress is of seal-brown cashmere, the round skirt being edged with pleated satin; in front are three bouillonnes, each separated by a pleated satin flounce.

The corsage, of cashmere, has short points back and front with added pleated basques of satin drawn back to form paniers, which are richly looped behind.

The neck of the corsage is cut out square, the opening being filled by a puffed chemisette of satin, a large collar, high in the neck, forming revers to the chemisette. The tight-fitting elbow sleeves have reversed cuffs of satin.

The new bonnet shapes are not new, but like those of last year, showing longer pokes, wider brimmed round hats, and small capotes. The pokes have crowns of various shapes—round, tapering, and almost square—while the fronts project upward so high that the fashion of trimming next the face will have to be resorted to in order to fill up this great space. There are small clusters of fine flowers to be used for this purpose, stuck about irregularly in the way seen in the bonnets of a hundred years ago.

There are also three-quarter wreaths that are to be worn just across the upper part of the inside brim of pokes, and to be placed at will, as best becomes the wearer's face, on the new round hats. These trials of flowers are also to be put on the outside of dressy small bonnets, almost covering one side of them, while on the other side will be clusters of ostrich feathers. Rather small flowers are imported, although milliners predict that the large crushed roses and other double flowers without foliage will be used. For medium small bonnets the coronet fronts are used, and there are some pokes that have the edge of the brim rolled back like a coronet.

Fireside Chat.

SHADES.

INGENUITY may be exercised in making a cut-paper shade, which, though less durable, is as really pretty as any which can be bought. Take a sheet of tissue paper white, pale yellow or orange, pink, or indeed of any color excepting blue, brown, violet, or black—and cut it into a circle, with round hole in the middle the exact

size of the chimney. Fold the segments tightly, double them, and then fold them again. Cut the outer edge into waves, van-dykes, or any forms preferred; and if the shade is to be very elaborate, snip these again into the scallops. The intended pattern may now be traced on one fold of the segments, or over the whole paper; but as, from their being folded, both sides will come out exactly alike, it may almost be left to chance. All being prepared, the work of cutting the pattern begins.

A pair of sharp fine scissors being used, the pattern must begin from the inner circle, not cutting the outer edge of this at all, but commencing about half an inch inside it. If no sketch has been made, the scissors may be turned in any direction, always, however, keeping the cutting within half an inch of the opposite fold of the segment, and it is best to cut from each side alternately. The snapper, in reason, is the pattern, the prettier will the shade be; and in carrying it down it must be remembered that, if too much of the paper is cut away, the purpose of a shade will be defeated. It will soon be found that, as the circle gets wider, it will be impossible to continue one cutting across the segment.

It will, therefore, be better to make small open patterns down each side of it alternately, and then to make a fresh fold in the plain part in the centre, cutting it again, and even yet fresh folds, as the outer edge is reached. When the whole is finished, the edges may all be snipped into little scallops, which adds to the labor, but adds also greatly to the effect.

An advantage may be found in tracing the whole of the paper before cutting it at all, in its obviating the difficulty of snipping through so many thicknesses at once, because the folds can be taken merely double; but, on the other hand, a pattern traced all at once must be drawn with mathematical exactness, which takes care of itself when many folds are cut together.

Inquiry is sometimes made for ways of utilizing bright autumn leaves, or dried ferns or seaweeds. These may all be arranged to ornament lamp shades, the first and the last, from their transparency and vivid coloring, being especially suited for the purpose. Shades so ornamented may be made as follows: The pattern must be taken from any of the expanding or folding shades that may be preferred, and a sufficient number of cards for the divisions must be cut of cardboard, two cards for each. Tinted cardboard of a grey, pale neutral-green tint, is better than white. In the centre of each card an opening must be cut—oval, oblong, or any shape suitable. A piece larger by half an inch each way, but of the same shape as the opening, must now be cut out of tracing calico or tracing paper, and carefully secured to the inside of each division with strong gum tragacanth. Upon this the dried flowers, leaves, or seaweeds must be arranged, securing them by brushing them over at the back evenly with the same gum, and pressing them down quite firmly till dry. Over each must now be fastened a piece of tracing paper, white tarlatan, or, best of all, lisse, of the same size as the foundation, by gumming it round the edges as before; and lastly, the outer division is placed over it, fitting the opening exactly. When all are completed, the divisions are laced together with fine cord.

Paper shades of any shape may also be ornamented at home with silhouettes, one scene (such as a hunt) being carried round the whole. Very pretty silhouette designs may be made by merely filling in the outlines of sprays or leaves, especially of climbing plants, the leaves covering the whole space, as if they were cast shadows. Should these be used, the effect of filling them in with neutral tint, or mixed or "Payne's grey," is better than that of using black. Some of the larger leaves should be darker than the rest, and some of the smaller as light as possible; all stems should be dark.

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS.—In the reign of James I., men and women were looking-glasses publicly—the men, as brooches or ornaments in their hats, and the women at their girdles, or on their bosoms, or sometimes (like the ladies of our day) in the centre of their fans, which were then made of feathers, inserted into silver or ivory tubes. At feasts, every guest brought his own knife, and a whetstone was placed behind the door, upon which he sharpened his knife as he entered.

In 1564, a Dutchman, brought the first coach into England; and, it is said, the sight of it put both horses and men into amazement. Some said it was a crab shell, brought out of China; and some imagined it to be one of the Pagan temples in which the cannibals adored the devil.

Smoothing irons are of late invention; in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I., large stones, inscribed with texts of scripture, were used for that purpose. In 1634, two rich women desired to marry the Earl of Huntingdon for the sake of the title. One of them offered to lay down \$100,000 on the day of her marriage. The other offered \$2500 a year during his life, and \$30,000 in cash, he to go with her to the church and marry her; immediately after the ceremony, they were to take leave at the church door, and never to see each other again. In Clarendon's papers, is the following: "At Henley, upon Thames, a woman, speaking against taxation imposed by parliament, was ordered by the committee to have her tongue fastened by a nail to the body of a tree by the way-side, on a market-day, which was accordingly done, and a paper, in great letters, setting forth the heinousness of her crime, fixed to her back."

PRESBYTERIAN BLUE is the deepest and latest shade of that color.

Correspondence.

MARY, (McPherson, Kans.)—If the young man "told you a story" once, he would be very likely to do the same thing over again. Let him go his own way.

STICKLER, (Richland, Ky.)—Either in speaking to or speaking of the three sisters, address the eldest as Miss H., and the other two as Miss Mary and Miss Louise.

OLIVIA, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Annie means gracious; Mary, bitter; Mabel, lovely; Alice, noble; Arthur, a strong man; Maurice, Latin, spry of a Moor; Millicent, Saxon, speaking mild.

O. J. F., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—"Memorant omnis alacritas" is from Ovid, and implies that lovers have long memories; that is to say, they never forget anything said or done by one another.

LIVINIA, (Meigs, Tenn.)—Poets are born, not made, as the phrase runs; but this means only that they are born with genius, which might blush unseen if it were not informed by observation and enlightened by study.

LENA, (Tipton, Ind.)—President Arthur has been married, but is now a widower. President Jackson, Van Buren and Johnson were widowers all through their respective terms. Tyler was a widower, but got married before his term expired. Buchanan was a bachelor.

INQUIRER.—No. Only one premium will be sent with each subscription. That is, if a subscriber sends \$3.00 for Post one year and Diamond premium, he or she cannot get the picture by adding fifty cents. To get the picture, you must send an additional subscription.

SAUCY MAY, (Baton Rouge, La.)—No, you ought not to go walking with a gentleman unknown to your parents or guardians, the more so, seeing you know nothing about him, and he wanted to kiss you the first night. His conduct towards you is disreputable. Give him up at once.

MAME, (Volusia, Fla.)—It seems that you have treated the young man very badly. The best thing now is to be perfectly frank. Write a note, asking him to come and see you, and if you find out that he has ceased to love you, reflect that you deserve to lose what you could not make up your mind to take when it was offered to you.

JEANNETTE, (Potter, Pa.)—We have answered the question a hundred times, but suppose we must answer it again for a hundred and one. Some writers maintain that genuine love is spontaneous, which means about the same as "love at first sight." It is probable that no absolute rule can be laid down on the subject that would hold good in every case.

BLUE EYES, (Knox, O.)—When you are in a small company, and the conversation is general, speak loud enough for all to hear; and never allow yourself to lower your tone and whisper something to one or two. This is to say, "We have things here among ourselves with which those fellows cannot be trusted, or which they could not understand." Talk another time for such communications.

J. F. K. T., (Palatka, Fla.)—I. Young men who talk "nonsense all the time to young ladies" are fools or knaves. The quiet young man you describe is much to be preferred. 2. There is no harm in a young man carrying a young lady's umbrella "when they are out for a walk." 3. It would not be proper for a young lady to ask a young man for his photograph, unless they were well acquainted.

BERTHA, (Montgomery, Ga.)—We cannot any more than yourself, explain why a young man should stand and talk with a young woman alone, when alone, and when anyone is with him refuse to take any notice of her. But this we do know, that were we in the place of the young woman, we should take care not to speak to him when alone. "Put him altogether." He means no good by you, behaving in this manner.

BRUNSWICK, (Page, Ia.)—We see nothing in the young man's conduct to censure. Unless you have another offer from a man you like better, and you feel as if you would not be safe to trust your happiness to this young gentleman's keeping, we should advise you to do nothing in the matter, but to wait until he pops the question. Do not get impatient, for if you do, and he finds it out, your chances of marriage are slight.

JULIA, (Litchfield, Conn.)—The way to purify the water in your cistern is this:—First, get the remains of the rat out; then drop into the well or cistern a large lump of unslaked lime, lower into it a large coarse sack filled with charcoal, pump out the water, and when your well or cistern fills up again the water will be sweet. Do not drink the impure water—it will be likely to cause fatal fever; and do not leave it where it can leak back into the same receptacle.

M. T., (Morrow, O.)—Put the case another way. Suppose the young lady to whom you are engaged had gone to the country for a visit, and there made the acquaintance of some young man, and entered into a correspondence with him, "just to keep up the acquaintance," what would you think of her conduct? If you should give it your approval you would be an exception to lovers in general. You should apply the same rule to your own conduct that you would apply to hers.

JAMES W., (Ulster, N. Y.)—We have no personal experience of the kind you mention, but we think we cannot be far wrong when we say that the reason that thoroughly dried bread when taken from the oven does not burn one's nose if touched to the latter, while a loaf not thoroughly done will burn, is that the latter burns because it is moist and sticky, and adheres to the nose; while the thoroughly baked loaf is dry, and does not adhere. But, as we have said, we do not speak from experience. In Philadelphia streets there are unpleasant experiences enough for a man's nose, without touching it to hot bread.

REMBRANDT, (Delaware, Ind.)—Strictly speaking, a young lady is, so far as her relations with young gentlemen of good character are concerned, free to do as she likes until she becomes engaged. But good taste and good morals equally demand that though a lady is not engaged, she should not only speak the truth, but also act the truth. Therefore, if the young gentleman with whom you are keeping up a correspondence has reason to believe from your letters that you are receiving the attentions of another gentleman, you are acting a lie in walking out with other gentlemen as you do. Do not do behind the absent one's back what you would not do if he were present. 2. If a young lady believes in the honor of the man to whom she is willing to engage herself—and no young lady, who is not a fool, would engage herself to any other—his word is sufficient.